

# THE GREEN CALDRON

A Magazine of Freshman Writing



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# Sunday Afternoon

MARY ANN PICKREL

*Rhetoric II, Theme 12, 1942-1943*

**L**IFE IN THE ALLEY BACK OF 155TH AND TURLINGTON had slowly bled itself away, attacked by the pernicious anemia of Sunday afternoon.

The dazzling, hot sun that beat upon the asphalt, making the pile of tin cans heaped against the blind wall of the apartment house sparkle and burn, the rusty geraniums that boiled in the sun on top of the tin cans, the sticky puddle of tar that wound like a long black snake along the scorched asphalt, even the lazy clouds of dust that hung, gray and gritty, in the face of the sun, expressed the same deadly apathy, the same frightening lack of life, as if the world had been heated to such a degree that only man's most primitive and brutal instincts had survived to live, bodyless, in that stifling atmosphere. The man who stood for any length of time, bareheaded, in the alley back of 155th and Turlington, facing the blind wall of the apartment house and the dusty tin cans, would have felt the sun like a leech in his brain, sucking away reason, and would have gone slowly back to the dim coolness of his house, feeling a little sick.

But there was no one to disturb the silence and the sun. Certainly the dead sparrow which lay, with dusty and ruffled wings, its mouth just a little open and its small tongue showing, in the snake-puddle of tar, would never again disturb anything. The evil smell of death lay sickeningly in the air—the sun hung like a cloud between the alley and life.

Into the alley walked a child, slowly, painfully, with lagging steps, as if already she felt the action of the sun upon her soul. Her face was pale and tired-looking above the ruffled Sunday dress, and wise for its nine or ten years. She looked as if she might have come from the apartment building.

The child stopped in the exact center of the alley and looked about in vain for some amusement. Her sharp eyes found the sparrow and examined it without interest. She sighed with fatigue and ennui.

Then her thin, listless little body stiffened suddenly in the grip of a strange excitement as she caught sight of a second intruder into the no-man's land of the alley. A ragged, scrawny, gray cat, its bones thrusting against its thin hide, was slinking along the wall toward the heap of cans.

The eyes of the child burned. Her body became alive and closely knit, supple and steely-nerved. She moved noiselessly toward the cat, and descended upon it with clutching fingers spread wide.

The cat spit and clawed in desperation, and wriggled against the hard, bony side of the child. The girl's arms and neck were soon covered with

long, bloody welts, and the gay ruffles of her dress were caught and ripped by the waving paws. Still she held on, standing a little stooped, her chin pinning the head of the cat, her hands clutching the gray fur of the neck in an iron grip. The cat heaved convulsively. Its yellow eyes glared, and a pitiful, strangling cry issued from the gaping mouth.

"Margieeeeeee!" shrilled from somewhere the imperious, raucous voice of a middle-aged woman.

"Come in this second. We're leavin' now!"

The child started and dropped the cat. The spell was broken by this incredibly ludicrous interruption. The intense young body which had steeled itself in the sudden lust for blood, which had struggled wildly, in joyous abandon, silent as the animal, for the pleasure of murder, drooped again with fatigue and quivered with fear. Her arms and face smarted horribly. The sun seemed to pierce her head and fill it with a blinding light, so that she could see nothing. She thought she was choking on dust. Blood thumped in her head.

Racked with sobs, the child moved off in the direction of the voice, which still called impatiently at short intervals. After her departure, the alley settled down again under its curtain of silence and dust and sun. The sun beat down triumphantly upon the sparkling tin cans, the rusty geraniums, and the body of the gray cat.

## The Essential Shakespeare

ROBERT N. RASMUS

*Rhetoric I, Theme 6, 1942-1943*

DOVER WILSON ATTEMPTS, IN *THE ESSENTIAL Shakespeare*, as hundreds before him have also attempted, to give the true and all-encompassing picture of William Shakespeare. Just as they have failed, so also does he fail. He has failed, not because of any of his own shortcomings or faults, but simply because it is impossible to know enough of the real facts of Shakespeare's life to give a comprehensive or even half-acceptable outline. The facts are just not there. Wilson realizes this as much as anybody, and he readily concedes the peril to which he exposes himself.

About Shakespeare scarcely a handful of facts are known with certainty. From church records we know that he was born in 1564 at Stratford, that he married Anne Hathaway in 1582, had one child in 1583, and twins in

1584. We also know that sometime before 1592 he entered the London scene, became famous as an actor and playwright, had some connection with the Earl of Southampton, wrote thirty-six plays and over one hundred sonnets, retired to Stratford in 1612, and four years later died at the age of fifty-two. Beyond these and a few other facts we can only conjecture and surmise.

Wilson does not, as so many other writers are wont to do, try to bewilder or rather "bully" the reader into accepting his theories by bringing forth a maze of facts and figures which at best can only be assumptions. Accepting a few facts, repudiating others, and disregarding the majority, he takes no previous theories on Shakespeare for granted, but rather combines the basic material with the "personal Shakespeare" he finds in the plays and sonnets to form the key to the "essential Shakespeare." He believes with Keats that "Shakespeare led a life of allegory: his works are the comments on it."

Basically, then, Wilson's book is an interpretation of the life of Shakespeare as it is seen through his works, as it fit into the Elizabethan pattern. Wilson believes the Elizabethan background to be highly important in our understanding of the "essential Shakespeare." "For though Shakespeare may be for all time, he was also very much of an age, and unless we grasp at least the main features of that age we are likely to miss much that is significant about him." Wilson goes on to re-create the picture of the day, its spirit and tempo, its Queen, its London, its theatre, its navy, its nobility, its warriors, and its hope.

After he sets the Elizabethan scene, Wilson goes into a complete discussion of the three stages of Shakespeare's adult life. These three stages are reflected in his works, and Wilson rejects completely the idea of the "impersonal Shakespeare." To be brief, the first stage is that of the young, hopeful, and exuberant Shakespeare of Elizabeth's day; the Shakespeare of the histories and most of the comedies. The second stage is of the tragic, pessimistic Shakespeare of James; the Shakespeare of *Hamlet*, *Lear*, *Macbeth*, and *Othello*. The final and victorious stage is that of the recovered, optimistic, happy Shakespeare of *The Winter's Tale* and *The Tempest*. Wilson traces this whole evolution by means of all the plays in chronological order.

On the surface his conclusions seem logical, and if they have done nothing else, they have caused me to think, but I remind myself of how convincing the theories of other men sounded also. I am forced to agree with Matthew Arnold:

*Others abide our question. Thou art free.  
We ask and ask—Thou smilest and art still,  
Out-topping knowledge.*

# My Objections to Comic Books

NELSON GURNEE

*Verbal Expression I, Theme 5, 1942-1943*

LESS THAN FIVE YEARS AGO, A SINGLE COMIC BOOK FOR children appeared on American newsstands. Since that time, the industry which produced that one book has prospered and spread like a poisonous growth until, today, it turns out two hundred and seven comic books a month. Parents who have had an opportunity to examine this material now available to their children have developed an increasingly unfriendly attitude toward these publications.

The titles given to these books are often very misleading. A current book has a front-cover picture under the book's name, "All-American Funnies." This is the good, old-fashioned, 100 per cent American scene it depicts: Torgo, the monster, has broken loose and is killing everybody and smashing everything in sight. The ground about him is covered with the dead and dying. In his huge left hand he clutches the decapitated body of a young woman. The artist, anxious to please his young readers, has shown the blood spurting from her headless neck. With his free right hand, Torgo is happily murdering a group of kindergarten children who have wandered onto the scene, no doubt attracted by the screaming. At the monster's feet lies an attractive young woman who is emptying a revolver into his stomach. Even though the artist has shown the terrible wounds in detail, the monster is not taken aback by this interference, and his only answer to his armed opponent is to place his large foot upon her throat. In the back of the picture, a strong wall is shown collapsing under the blows of a creature dressed in black tights, red cape, and jewelled belt. The creature has a head shaped like an eagle's and two giant wings growing out of its back. This is Hawkman, Champion of Democracy. In a few moments he will save the world and the thinly clad gun-girl.

Most comic strips contain two important characters, the hero and the heroine. One or the other, and sometimes both, is gifted with amazing powers. He flies through time and space, jumps over mountains, battles armies of giant insects, swims under water for hours, and escapes death only by a hair's breadth. Many comic-strip authors have displayed almost human intelligence in the choice of their characters. Realizing that the antics of their main figures are too fantastic even for the wild imaginations of their youthful readers, they have introduced super-children into the story. This enables the youngsters who read the strip to hope that they, too, can possess the strange powers given to their pen-and-ink hero. There is

one character who must be particularly inspiring to his public. He is Bat-Boy, who owns two lovely wings which enable him to swoop down to rob fruit stands and snatch purses in broad daylight. Some authors, realizing that there is a vast amount of money to be gained from the coins clenched in the damp, little fists of school girls, who would ordinarily waste them buying lunch, have introduced comic strips with girls and women as the main figures. One of these characters, a nurse, loses a patient every month and manages to clear herself only after thirty pages of mad adventure. To date, she has sixteen notches on her hypodermic needle and the toll rises monthly. An inspiring tribute to the nursing profession! It seems to be a set rule among comic-book artists that their heroines shall wear only the slightest suggestion of clothing and that their heroes shall have more superbly developed muscles than any Greek god ever possessed. For that reason, most children of six or seven know more about human anatomy than their grandparents did at forty.

These lurid, lewd, and fantastic comic books have become the chief reading matter of America's youth. The old, familiar books of Twain, Dickens, Tarkington, and even Alger, which thrilled our fathers and some of us, have been discarded for this cheap trash sold at any newsstand. Granted that some of these older books are a bit too noble and their heroes overdrawn—nevertheless they helped to mould characters, and they pointed the way to a cleaner and better life. No modern child has ever gained any moral or spiritual lesson from watching a buzzard-headed wonder rescue his thinly clad sweetheart from a monster. Few modern children can distinguish between St. John and St. Paul, between Scrooge and Uriah Heep, or even between Tom Sawyer and Penrod Schofield. But all can describe, in intimate and gory details, just how many earth-men the three-eyed ruler of the planet Krypton had fed to the lizards in the sacrificial pits. They can gain all this important knowledge at any newsstand for only a dime.

There is a very definite relationship between the sale of this type of comic book to children and the sharp rise in juvenile delinquency. The Parent-Teacher's Association of Elizabeth, New Jersey, has published a pamphlet showing the number of crimes committed by children from six to fifteen. A little more than 27 per cent of these juvenile crimes were prompted by the "literature" made up chiefly of these comic books. The offenses ranged from petty thefts to torture-murders. It is easy to see how a youngster can gain a very false set of ideals and values by reading magazines and comic books in which dignity and decency are utterly lacking and where human life is taken on every page. There is absolutely nothing to be said in defense of these vulgar and stupid books. They must be stopped.

# Is It or Isn't It Customary?

LEADIE MAE CLARK

*Rhetoric II, Theme 12, 1942-1943*

IT WAS A DIRTY LITTLE TOWN OF 3,478 LIARS, MEDDLERS, relations, and gossips; people who believed that the minister's family should be archangels while they themselves were living devils roving the earth minus tail, horns, and a pitchfork; people who believed that since the preacher's life ought to be an open book, his family business should be an open book also; people who believed that all preacher's children are just naturally bad; people who had no truly blessed person to represent them on Sunday morning when a blessed man preached the blessed word.

My father, because of ill health, had given up a larger charge to accept one at Slater, Missouri. How eagerly we speculated about our new home, certain of pleasant surprises, not knowing how soon our eagerness would turn to ashes in our mouths. We arrived in Slater on a crisp, clear Saturday morning and straightway broke the first iron-bound custom attached to a minister's family. We scorned the dirty-looking little brown house of Mr. P. Williams, town barber and pillar of the church, for the pretty little white house that Dad had rented. Mr. Williams was furious, bellowing that he could have rented his house, if he had not saved it for us. You see, it was a custom for the minister to rent Mr. Williams' house, which was next door to the church. That's why the church didn't have a parsonage.

A little upset because of the commotion our choice of a house had caused, we resolved to be as careful as possible. We slept late on Sunday morning, and Lerleen, Mother, and I decided to waive Sunday school and go to church. Since we were in a strange town, we lost our way a little and arrived a little late. Custom number two broken! We should have been there during the recess between Sunday school and church, sitting on the second seat in the middle row to receive the church members. We sat down near the middle, and the whole church stared at the sedate woman in black and the two little girls in white. We didn't crack a smile but stared straight ahead. The next day we were referred to as "stuck-up."

This little town was prejudiced against a minister's family from the beginning and was constantly on the lookout for something to gossip about. That's why there was a custom of paying a surprise visit on the minister's wife. About eleven o'clock on Monday morning, the six nosiest women in Slater came to visit. They filed in slowly, carefully surveying everything, running a hand over the piano, now over the radio, peering into every nook

and cranny, staring, staring! Mrs. Van Buren, the boldest of the six, dug her toe into the rug, "Well, Mrs. Rev. Clark, what would you have to pay for a rug like this?" Mother was saved from answering by a howl from the kitchen. Lerleen and I had chosen that moment to begin a fuss over who was going to get the remainder of the cake batter in the mixing bowl. We were, in the estimation of these old busybodies, living up all too well to the custom of preacher's bad children. These old ladies had plenty to gossip about now! But they stayed and stayed. Mother decided to serve the ladies cake and wine. She poured delicate little glasses full of grape wine and cut the cake, planning to let Lerleen and me serve it in an effort to redeem ourselves. The old ladies gawked at the wine glasses. Wine at the preacher's house! That wasn't customary! What prestige we had gained in their sight by Mother's being a good housewife now completely vanished.

Our family upset custom after custom. It was a custom for the minister to run a bill at Mr. Thomas's store. We paid cash at Mr. Davis's—it was cheaper. It was a custom to "pick" the preacher's children to find out all the family business. Lerleen and I had been taught at an early age to say only yes and no to questions. But when Mother didn't sing with the choir at the hospital on Christmas Eve she broke the most rigid custom of all. She would have sung with them, but she didn't know that she was supposed to. I suppose you wonder whether we were stupid. No, but it was another custom for the preacher's wife to have a bosom friend among the members to tell her all the customs she should live up to.

Did these townspeople have ideals? Yes, the noble ideal of making their community a good place for anyone to raise his children—that is, a good place for everybody but the minister to raise his children. They sympathized with the trials somebody else had with his children, but they gossiped about the minister's. They spied on, lied on, speculated about, and stared at a minister's child in an effort to crush out any spark of individuality and to drive him to self-destruction. If he was good, he was nasty-nice and always referred to with the proverb, "Still water runs deep." If he was bad, he turned out just as they expected.

For two years we lived in this small town, which was slowly crushing the lifeblood out of us. Mother became silent and morose; Lerleen and I became shy and bewildered. Only Dad escaped—but did he escape completely? There were new lines on his forehead and around his eyes, and there was more gray in his hair. He didn't laugh quite so easily, either.

At last moving day arrived, and we came to Champaign-Urbana. I drew a breath of pure air exultantly, and since then it has been my prayer that if Dad moves again, Oh, Lord, please let it be to a town of at least 10,000.

# Fraternity Asininity or Independence?

ANONYMOUS

*Rhetoric II, Theme 10, 1942-1943*

**A**FRATERNITY IS A STATE OF EXISTENCE IN WHICH men live in mutual dislike and endure each other with outward cordiality. It is an existence to be studiously avoided by all persons who are not palsy-walsies, good Joes, politicians, or athletes. When a college man is "rushed" by a fraternity it is because he has money, is an able politician, has a great uncle who founded good old Sigma Dogma Pu, or shows promise of becoming president of Blue G-String, honorary cribbage fraternity.

The Rushee is asked in a confidential manner by a friend or acquaintance if he would like to have dinner at "the house" next Wednesday night. Somewhat flattered, he accepts. Promptly at 5:45, overdressed in his most casual manner, he enters the impressive halls of Sig Dog and is introduced to a bewildering assortment of big men on campus who shower toothy, stretched smiles upon him. He views the array of loving cups on the mantle and is properly impressed by the tremendous trophy that Sig Dog has won for the seventeenth time for its superb shuffleboard team.

So the Rushee is taken on a tour of the house, during which he inspects the library and the comfort of the toilet seats. He is told that on a clear day if one stands on his head in the second row of beds, the fourth from the south end, he can see into the dormitory of the sorority next door. From another spot the ceiling of a girl's room can be seen also.

After having ascertained that the physical features of the house are acceptable and after having made inquiries as to how the members of Sig Dog stand with "the women," the Rushee finds that the house bill is to his liking, and that the house scholastic average is 2.4. He decides that Sig Dog is the place for him.

From that moment on his soul is not his own. He hopes against hope that after he is initiated he will have privacy and freedom, but the time never occurs. Serenades, softball teams, chapter conventions, and formal dances occupy all his time. He cannot drink except when he has a date, and he doesn't want to drink then because he always recites all the poetry he knows when he is drunk and that would give him a bad reputation with "the women." He hates the fellow who sits next to him at meals and has always intended to tell him so but fears that he will lose his reputation as a "good Joe." Before meals he is forced to sing a nauseating grace that assures God

that good old Sig Dog is grateful for the alarm clock that awakened the cook that prepared the food which he is about to eat. He has a calloused spot on his back and one on the palm of his hand as evidence that his back-slapping activities are up to par. Occasionally he envies his Independent friends, but usually he pities them. When he allows himself to envy them, he enumerates to himself all the advantages of being a fraternity man. His logic is quite simple.

The Rushee, now Frat Man, feels that because he is a Sig Dog he is as socially adept as anyone on campus. When he is asked where he lives, he is proud to say, "I'm a Sig Dog." Not everyone has enough money, enough potentialities, enough *savoir-faire* to become a Sig Dog. When he wants a date, all he has to do is telephone any sorority and have the word spread about. He is not worried about the girl he will get. He knows that if he calls the Beta Fu's he will get a good drinking companion; if he calls the Mu Mu's he will get a good dancer; and the Theta Pu's are always good for a necking session. He knows that they run true to form throughout. He knows that with a Sig Dog pin he can date any woman on campus who is not confined to a wheel-chair. And, best of all, he can call in the services of his fraternity brothers if he should be so unfortunate as to fall in love. A little serenading and some subtle salesmanship can be of great aid in such cases. He is certain that in the field of love-making Sig Dog has given him a decided edge over most of the males on campus.

Then, of course, it is easy for Frat Man to extract money from his parents. They visit him occasionally and are awed by the splendor of Sig Dog house; they notice how well-dressed his fraternity brothers are, and they know all about keeping up with the Joneses. His parents eat the Sunday meals at Sig Dog and are pleased to note that their darling and their pride has gained four pounds and looks healthy. Of course they do not know that a beer-bust a week helps one to gain weight and that Sig Dog is famous for its beer parties. Parental relations are of little worry to Frat Man.

Frat Man never forgets that when he is graduated from college, his fraternity pin, if he still has it, will help him in getting a job. He may be blind in one eye and have but one leg, but he believes his Sig Dog pin will always assure him of a job in spite of his shortcomings. In many respects he is right. His frat pin may give him the edge over a competitor who is fully as capable as Frat Man but has no Sig Dog pin.

Occasionally a Rushee may stop before he pledges a fraternity to analyze his position and the issues at stake. He realizes that when he pledges a fraternity he must conform completely to his fraternity brothers' conception of a jolly good fellow. If they are flag-wavers, he is exposed to flag-wave-itis; if they are asinine prigs, he must become a full-fledged prig. He realizes that no matter how obnoxious or imbecilic his fraternity brothers are, it is much more convenient and healthy if he endures them and

makes a pretense of liking them. Frat Man must admit that the thing most sacred to any man, his individuality, is placed in extreme jeopardy. From the cut of his hair to the color of his underwear he must conform to all the specifications of a man of Sig Dog.

Frat Man is also aware that he is spending money for things which are trivial and unimportant but which have taken on tremendous proportions in his eyes. He knows that he would be as healthy, as well-dressed; he knows he would have more money to save or spend at his pleasure if he were Independent. He must admit to himself that he is bowing before his warped sense of values.

But he counters these arguments with a loving pat of his house pin. That pin is a symbol for all the advantages that will accrue from his being a fraternity man. With it he definitely rates with the women. It is concrete proof that he is socially acceptable; it is a door-opener, even though it is up to Frat Man to put his foot in the door and keep it there. He knows, if he was an Independent before, that his days of arguing with oily-faced waitresses in bedlamic restaurants are over. He need not face an irate housemother for receiving late telephone calls, and he can get into the bathroom without waiting in line for fifteen minutes each morning. In short, he knows that his physical comfort will be greatly increased.

But when he stops kidding himself, Frat Man realizes that the real issue is this: "Should I give up my desire to be an objectively thinking, introspective, non-conforming individual in exchange for the prestige my fellows and the all-powerful female will give me when I join a fraternity?" If the question of money is disregarded, nine times out of ten he answers to himself, "It's not worth it, but I'll do it anyway."

Long live old Sig Dog! May Frat Man become the dullest twelfth vice-president that Acme Investment Council ever had!

## Strings Attached

JEAN BAYSINGER

*General Division I, Theme 5, 1942-1943*

**I**SLOWLY OPENED MY EYES, PRAYING THAT THEY would not look into those of the girl on "wake" duty. They did. "It's seven o'clock," she purred.

"Thank you," I mumbled automatically. At home I would have thrown something at anybody who dared awaken me at such an early hour. Here I thanked the person. I lowered myself to the floor from my upper bunk,

careful not to disturb the "active" sleeping below me. I padded out of the dormitory. A quick dash of cold water awakened me fully. Other girls were using the same method. Slushy "good mornings" were said in between toothbrushings. I dressed quickly, breakfasted more rapidly than I had dressed, and dashed for the library. Another day was started.

All pledges must be in the library from 8:00 A.M. to 4:00 P.M. during the hours they do not have classes. There must not be more than two girls at a table, and there must be three chairs between those two. The pledges may not converse. Thus, I sat at the end of a long table and gnawed my pencil. I mentally composed letters. During the week before, I had been given three demerits for writing a letter in the library. Another pledge had come home one night slightly inebriated and had also received three demerits. The scales of justice had been tipped unevenly!

I bit another notch in my pencil, thinking of the injustice of the merit system, the intricacies of which I will not try to explain in full. The only important fact concerning it is that the pledges must have six hundred merits to be initiated. Every week each pledge receives forty of these, minus whatever number of demerits she gets. If she receives thirty-five or fewer merits, she is "campused," not allowed out of the house for the week-end. The system resembles a giant puppeteer holding the controlling strings of twenty-three puppets. Certain strings enable the hands to open doors, answer telephones at all times, pull back chairs and seat the actives at the tables, light cigarettes, return books, carry laundry cases, and clean rooms. The main string of the marionette controls the head, forcing it to try to learn all there is to know about fraternities and sororities, to memorize songs and more songs, to think of clever stunts every Monday night, and to achieve high scholarship. The threads are so cleverly strung that the puppets are able to perform "wake" duty and "bell" duty—both thoroughly disagreeable jobs. "Wake" duty requires a pledge to rise at 6:45 A.M. and to awaken all the other girls at the times they specified the night before. The fact that the one on the first duty eats little or no breakfast and goes to class sans make-up because of the lack of time, is unimportant to the actives. The poor little pledge on "bell" duty studies in her room. Did I say studies? She bobs up and down answering phones, buzzing and calling for elusive actives, and ordering "cokes" for and relaying messages to them. All day the puppet must respond to the tug of the strings. Only late at night do they cease pulling and does the puppet fall limp.

I took the eraser off my pencil as I sat thinking of strings. The strings must be tough at lunch and dinner time to hold back the pledges while the actives flow into the dining room first. The threads must assume a greenish hue in the evenings to match the pledges as they watch the actives go laughing out the door with their dates, while they, the pledges, face a long session in seminar.

I gathered up my books and went to class. The usual day followed—two or three classes in the morning; the bright oasis of lunch in the day; an afternoon of classes, work, activities, and dates; a long, pleasant dinner; study hall; and bedtime.

The bed felt even more wonderful at night than it had when I had left it in the morning. I nestled far down in the covers. The girl next to me, who was sound asleep, suddenly said, "The music always stinks."

I lay there thinking of how the house must look to someone passing outside. It would be just a large white sorority house, dark and still. Only the people within would know the warmth and friendship that existed there. I slowly realized that the strings supported the pledges as much as they pulled them. The controlling puppeteer moved the marionettes in the right directions and correct ways and always prevented them from falling. I realized, also, that when they had proved themselves able, the pledges would walk on as actives. The house seemed then like a great white ship riding at anchor, held fast by the many golden anchors worn over the hearts of girls and women around the world and protected by shining little shields.\*

\*The anchor is the emblem or pin of the Delta Gamma sorority, and the little shield is the pledge pin.

## Cousin Hepzibah Stays the Night

DAVID RARICK

*Rhetoric I, Theme 5, 1942-1943*

WE WERE JUST SETTLING OURSELVES DOWN FOR another session with Dr. I. Q. We children would rather hear "The Phantom's Revenge," which comes on at the same time, but Mother says we ought to listen to something educational and absorb some culture on Sunday evenings. Well, as I was saying, we were waiting for the sixty-four dollar question when bam, bam, bam, someone pounds on the door like they were trying to bust it down.

Before my mother can get there, it opens, and in walks a dame and a cabby with two big suitcases. She has white hair and a grey squirrel-skin coat and has a lot of class in an antediluvian sort of way. I decide she's got the wrong address and go back to the radio. You could knock me over with a feather when Mother lets out a yell, "Cousin Hepzibah!" and they start kissing each other.

When Mother gets around to introducing me, I expect the visitor to get sort of dewy-eyed like they all do and say as how she used to know me when I was a little, tiny baby, and how people do grow. Instead she hands me

four bits to pay the cabby with when he comes in with the next load, and stares at the plate of cookies Mother is bringing in from the kitchen. "Poison," she breathes, "poison in its most insidious form." While Mother stands there with her mouth open and I am trying to remember what *insidious* means, she goes on to tell how sugar leaches the body of all its mineral salts, which is all news to me. What really sets me back on my heels is when she says how glad she is to be here to save us children from an early grave. Whereupon she sits down and begins poisoning herself and invites Mother to do the same. When I ask her if older people can gradually build up an immunity to such things, and should I maybe start getting an immunity, she just smiles in a vague sort of way and says will I be a good boy and show her her room, as it is her hour for quiet meditation.

I think she's crazy, but I don't say anything. "Yes," she says, and I can see she's nettled by the lack of comment, "we all ought to explore our minds in an hour of celestial contemplation before retiring. And since I have become a Noble of the Light, this sublime practice has become doubly meaningful to me." I take her upstairs to her room. At the door she asks me would I bring her some rainwater to drink, because she's afraid to drink the city water. Well, I pump her a pitcher and she drinks half of it right down, exclaiming as how unusually healthful and full-bodied it tastes. I don't mention it, but I wonder if it might be partly the dead cat I found in the cistern last week.

The next morning, over the coffee rolls, Cousin Hepzibah explains how not only sugar, but all fried things and white bread and crackers and practically everything else we eat is deadly poison to the human body, and proceeds to prove it as a scientific fact. She sounds so convincing that I am almost ready to believe it myself. Then she says as how she's discovered the perfect and complete diet, a sort of soup called the Elixir of Life made of beet greens and potato peelings boiled in buttermilk. I ask her if she has ever tried this diet, and she says that it is time for her meditations, so will we please excuse her for a few minutes. I guess she didn't hear what I said.

Promptly at nine o'clock the same cabby comes to take her to the station. I guess she had arranged with him the night before, because he bams on the door and walks right in to get her bags. As she tells us goodby she says she hopes we realize how dangerous barbital is. I didn't think we were in much danger, because we never did go in much for those foreign dishes. When the taxi goes around the corner she leans out and yells that the long list of barbital catastrophes must never be forgotten.

"Mother," I says, when the cab is out of sight, "do you think that Cousin Hepzibah is sort of queer sometimes?"

"No," Mother answers, "no, indeed. That is just the way she acts." And if anyone would know about that, Mother would, since Cousin Hepzibah is her own third cousin.

# Lincoln, Sandburg, and I

ARTHUR MINER

*Rhetoric II, Theme 7, 1942-1943*

“SOME BOOKS ARE TO BE TASTED, OTHERS TO BE swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested.” Sandburg’s biography of Lincoln is one book which I thoroughly “chewed and digested.” I believe that it has made a greater impression on me and on my thinking than any book I have ever read. It has materially changed my ideas on politics and on history and my judgment of people.

I used to have an unflattering opinion of politics and politicians. Politics was an unmanly profession, a dishonest game; and politicians were its players. I thought politics was a game because one’s fortunes ebbed and flowed with public opinion, because one tried to maneuver the different party factions. I thought it was unmanly because the politician had to cater to popular opinion; to get into office and stay there he had to do what the people wanted him to do. I believed a statesman to be more dignified and manly; he went his own way and made his own judgments, and, if unpopular, he withstood the storm of public disapprobation with heroic silence.

But after reading Sandburg’s monumental work, I see I was wrong. A truly great statesman cannot go his own way; he must take heed of the wishes of the people—that is, if he is a democratic statesman. And, above all, he cannot answer public criticism with silence for very long and still remain in office. And if he sincerely believes himself to be right, it is as much his duty to attempt to maintain himself in office and push through those measures he believes to be for the interest of the country, as it is for him to give up office when he believes he is in the wrong or has lost the support of the people. It takes a statesman’s brain to draft a good law, but quite often it takes a politician’s nimble fingers to get it passed.

*Abraham Lincoln: the War Years* shows this only too clearly. Time and time again Lincoln had to play the politician’s tricks, had to pull “wires” and give away a few offices in order to get the needed votes to pass a piece of legislation. Early in the war he deemed the admittance of Nevada into the Union very desirable, as he foresaw a time when her vote would be necessary to pass an emancipation act. Three “doubtful” Congressmen provided the necessary majority. He asked Henry Dana to see the men and offer them any offices they wanted if they would vote for annexation. Dana saw the Congressmen; the Congressmen voted as requested; and three of their friends took over lucrative Federal jobs. Dirty politics? Probably, but there is a saying that “the end justifies the means.” In this case, without Nevada’s vote, the amendment to free the slaves would not have passed.

In issuing the Emancipation Proclamation Lincoln was influenced by its effect upon public opinion. Upon the advice of Seward, he delayed issuing it until the long string of Union defeats should be broken by a victory so that it would not seem as if the government was begging for the Negroes' help in suppressing the rebellion. But Lincoln could be firm, as was shown by this same Emancipation Proclamation. His cabinet were unanimous against issuing it, but Lincoln stood by his own judgment—excepting Seward's previously stated suggestion—and issued it anyway.

Lincoln also kept many public officials in office, not because they were valuable and competent, but because they had large public followings they could bring to the support of the government. General MacClarnand was not a good general, but he had a strong following among the Southern Illinois Democrats. By keeping him in command, Lincoln made sure these people were kept more or less loyal to the government. And many of the German generals—Schofield, for instance—were kept in command because the government needed not their ability, which was sometimes quite mediocre, but their immense popularity with the Germans.

The book also gave me a greater insight into the value of history; it showed me that history is not merely a story of past events but is very useful in solving present-day problems. In many of his judgments Lincoln was influenced by history. Especially was this so in the "Trent Affair." Recalling that American resentment to British impressment of Americans on the high seas was the chief cause of the War of 1812, he decided to acquiesce to the British demands and release Mason and Seidel, who had been taken off an English ship and placed in an American prison. By so doing he believed he proved that England had been wrong in the War of 1812 and that America had been right.

But, perhaps more important than anything else, the book changed my standards in the judging of people. After reading the intense criticism which was directed against Lincoln, I begin to doubt much of the present-day criticism of many prominent men in public affairs. Before I read the book I was intensely opposed to Roosevelt and his policies. Now, although I don't agree with everything he says and does, I believe he is by far the best available man for the office.

During his presidency, Lincoln suffered severe criticism, not all of it from his political opponents. Many members of his own party, such as Charles Sumner and Thaddeus Stevens, were quite critical of his policies. And many intelligent and serious men, such as Charles Francis Adams, minister to England, Samuel Morse, the inventor of the telephone, and Longfellow, the poet, wrote letters in which they showed slight respect for his education and ability. They considered him lacking in correct judgment and slow in action.

And his Illinois background, so beautifully portrayed in the *Prairie*

Years, left some things lacking. Far from perfect in his dress and speech and manners, Lincoln had other traits which were not up to the popular standard. He was accused of being an atheist, and, if attendance at church is the measure of one's Christianity, he was an atheist. He was guilty of leaving his wife standing at the altar and of such things as being willing to assist pigs out of mud-holes while leaving ladies in his presence to shift for themselves. And he frequently had to bail his friends, Herndon and Lamon, out of jail after a drunken carousal. If you judge a man by the company he keeps, you could sometimes doubt Lincoln's character.

But all these things, while very important to his contemporaries, are now forgotten. They are overshadowed by his proven greatness. I learned that the important thing is not how a man does it but what he does that shows his worth.

## If I Could Reform My High School

WILFRED KRAEGEL

*Proficiency Examination, 1942-1943*

AT SOME TIME OR OTHER EVERY HIGH SCHOOL STUDENT has had an almost uncontrollable urge to take over the teacher's chair. The purpose might vary from wanting the teacher to stand in the corner for a change to wanting the power a teacher exerts over his students. That has never seemed a high enough prize for me, however, for I want to be the principal.

I am not moved by these urges I have mentioned before; I have as my reason a higher purpose—higher in my opinion anyway. I want to start a program of student government in my high school and help to bring the same idea to other high schools.

Student government is not a radically new proposal. It has been tried in many high schools in this region and throughout the country, and it has been far from unsuccessful. I assume, therefore, that if it has been done successfully elsewhere, it can, with proper modifications, become a successful venture in my high school.

If this plan were followed, it would not only make my life as principal much easier, but it would also benefit the school and the student body. A well-organized program could accomplish things in the school that would otherwise never be gained.

The best plan of this sort is modeled after a city government. The officers in this type of plan would include a mayor, the personnel of a city board, guards, and the personnel of a city court. All these officers would be

able to attain office only through popular election by the student body, a certain scholastic average being the only other prerequisite. These officers would run their affairs much as they are run in a city. They would take care of laws, rules, improvements in the school, and certain ideals; these ideals might be furtherance of extra-curricular activities, better study habits, better school spirit, and better behavior. The court would deal with infractions of laws and would mete out fitting punishments to the violators. These officers, and the court especially, would be on their honor to keep fairness and impartiality above everything. For the restraining hand which would be quite necessary, a group of faculty members would be chosen to see that nothing got out of hand. These faculty members, however, would have to acquire a cooperative spirit. And there we have the rough organization.

The students would receive the most benefits under this plan. It would give them, first of all, a chance to have things the way they want them, in a reasonable way. Best of all, it would give them valuable experience in our democratic way of life. It would teach responsibility—a lesson which they will have to learn—and it would give them the beginning of experience in political affairs. The general purpose of all this would be to make them better citizens. And this is no mean accomplishment in the world of today.

The school itself would also benefit, because better order usually follows this plan. The students want to be proud of the record they make, and no student relishes being tried before the court.

The few obstacles that might arise could quickly be taken care of by proper action, and the benefits would far outweigh any of these.

## If I Could Reform My High School

HARRIET AGNEW

*Proficiency Examination, 1942-1943*

I WOULD BEGIN WITH THE PRINCIPAL. FIRST, I'D GIVE him a lecture of an hour and fifteen minutes. (He used to do that to us.) "Mr. Principal," I'd say, in a very domineering tone, "I think it is high time you began to think of your high school students as near-adults, instead of children. You evidently don't realize how bitter some of your seniors are because you persist in addressing them as 'children.' Picture yourself at a desk in the assembly with eighty other students. Imagine how you would feel if the telephone rang and the principal, answering, said 'Just a moment. I'll ask the children what time the game starts.' You'd feel bitter, too, wouldn't you? And don't you really think you were a little cruel at com-

mencement time? Do you remember how they sent the class president and four of the class leaders to you, to see if you wouldn't permit them to march into the gym and up to the platform on commencement night? And do you remember how you said—very flatly and defiantly, too—that you 'thought it would save time if they were seated on the platform when the curtain rose'? Well, it did save time. It saved time to such an extent that the sixteen graduates still feel the sting of your refusal, and will never forget it. Don't you really believe that if you would take time to think things over and would consult your students more about matters in which they will be active participants, you would be better liked by them and they would be more willing to adhere to your wishes? Why don't you do some hard thinking?" Then I would leave, and let him think it over. (You thought I was rather cruel?—You should have seen some of the things he did to us!)

From the office I would go to the Assembly, and there I'd talk to the students—individually, at first, and then in a group. I would try to explain to them some of the problems that a principal faces. I would let them be the principal for a minute or two, and would show them the hundreds of things a principal must carry on his mind all the time. I would reveal to them their attitude toward him, and would show them how, with a little thought and care, they could make his life a bed of roses without the thorns. I would impress upon their minds the fact that a principal has not only his problems but also the problems of the entire faculty to solve. I would show them a little of the responsibility which is placed upon his shoulders by the local Board of Education. Then I would suggest that they think it over, while I hurried down to the boiler room.

Ah—I knew it! There would sit the janitor, a cigar hanging precariously from his mouth, a comic book in his hand. (And all the while the students would be shivering and shaking from a severe epidemic of cold radiators.) I would scold him soundly, and when I would finish talking, the radiators would be hissing and popping in frenzied glee.

My next stops would be at each teacher's room. I would talk to them, oh, very kindly, about the principal, and explain his responsibility to them, and ask if they couldn't help him by refusing to make horrible crimes from school-boy pranks (putting one of the pickled snakes from the biology lab. in the home ec. teacher's frying pan on banquet night, for example). When I had finished talking, they would be purring—like cats, I'll wager!

If I were still alive when I finished these helpful conferences, I would telephone the school board and make a few suggestions as to the addition of athletic equipment, the rearrangement of the lights so that the light would not shine directly on the students' faces, and the building of a fire escape. I would also suggest that they rearrange the heating plant; it is a fire-trap, and very dangerous.

# “They Gave Their Merry Youth”

JOAN RALSTON

*Rhetoric II, Theme 6, 1942-1943*

I HAVE JUST SEEN A FOOTBALL GAME. OUR TEAM LOST, but the defeat was not important; I probably will soon forget the score. But on the stadium wall I saw, just before going in, an inscription that, for the rest of the afternoon, vibrated through my thoughts. Carved in solid, lasting stone were the words, “They gave their merry youth for country and for God.”

As I walked on, I tried to believe that these lives lost in the last war had been given to God and that our country was saved by their sacrifices, but I could not. How can I believe in evasive truths? How can I believe in “American ideals”? How can I hold a gripping faith in the “Allied cause,” whatever it may be, when I am in a building dedicated to death—to the deaths that resulted from others’ believing in “American ideals” and “Allied causes for war,” those trite phrases thrown at one whenever he begins to doubt the possibility of wars’ ever accomplishing a prolonged peace? I was disturbed. “Perhaps, after all, there is nothing for which ‘merry youth’ should be sacrificed,” I argued to myself, “for who can say that the supreme right is here, and now we must all die for it?”

With these thoughts I finally reached my seat in the stadium high above the field. I forgot my troubled cogitations for awhile in the excitement of the game, but all of a sudden, when I had time to look around me, I felt what it was I believed in. The feeling came from seeing forty thousand people sitting under an autumn sun to watch twenty-two husky boys co-ordinating in an all-American game while an airplane dipped now and then in a cloudless sky; it came from seeing, across the fields hazy with sunlight, the buildings in which boys and girls were getting the education that could some day guide the world. This is not a feeling that we, the Americans, have the only way of life and that those we are fighting should someday live the American way; rather, it is an emotion, a thrill, a sense of happiness and complacence which results in an unreasoning belief in what our country is doing in this war.

The words, songs, and patriotic phrases which have spurred others on, I analyze only to find they are empty words. All I can believe in is that “American Feeling” I got at the football game, and, that others might have it for years to come, I would “give my merry youth.”

# My Home Town and the War

WILLIAM G. ROSEN

*Proficiency Examination, 1942-1943*

PORTSMOUTH, NEW HAMPSHIRE, IS A SMALL TOWN ON the eastern coast whose only claim to fame is the Portsmouth Navy Yard, which actually is in Kittery, Maine. The people of Portsmouth pride themselves on their intellect and their awareness of what is going on in the world. At the time of the Munich Sacrifice they said, in their barber-chair conversations, that our country should assert itself. When Hitler marched on Poland they said that "we" should get in it and end it. But they actually didn't know who "we" was. It wasn't their sons or brothers—it was some mysterious, intangible quantity. The draft came and "we" assumed a faint outline. John Muhalsly, from over on Dennett Street, no longer worked in the grocery store. Joe O'Neil was taken from the Yard—gosh! And so it went. Gasoline became hard to get. There were no plumbers, carpenters, electricians, or painters available for any private work. Either they had been drafted or were "on the Yard." "We" now had a definite shape. Complaints were 50 percent of a normal conversation, and humor was rapidly disappearing. Then the Japanese forgot all the psychology they had learned in American universities and bombed Pearl Harbor without warning.

Portsmouth was puzzled. The United States at war? Ridiculous! No, not so ridiculous. For news came that Joe O'Neil had been killed in that initial attack. Then Portsmouth got mad—and when New Hampshire people get mad, watch out! They hitched up their pants, rolled up their sleeves, and dug in. So much was done that it would be impossible to tell a fraction of it. Ninety-five percent of the women in town attended first-aid classes. The businessmen stayed in lonely towers on cold, wintry nights as airplane spotters. All this because "we" had become real—"we" was the grocer, the mayor, the newspaper boy, the banker, the laborer, and the housewife. "We" was everybody—and everybody realized it.

Portsmouth today is a changed town. New workers, sailors from American and foreign ships, soldiers from the harbor ports, and prostitutes from the South have doubled the population. Yet the oldtimers still determine the temperament. There is very little gasoline, almost no beef, practically no coffee, and absolutely no chocolate in Portsmouth. Still, humor and complaints have changed positions. A store had a sign which read, "Come In. We Haven't Anything to Sell—But We'll Have a Lot of Fun." People are drinking milk, eating frankfurters—and liking it. Merchants pledged that 50 percent of the total receipts of September 15, 1942, would be spent to buy bonds. The town, being in a dim-out area, looks deserted

after sunset. The street lights are painted out, traffic lights have only slits, no store or theatre windows are on—yet Portsmouth is more alive now than ever before.

I have no doubt that this same scene is happening in countless other American towns. That makes me rather smug and satisfied. For when I see Portsmouth and multiply what I see by thousands—well, I wonder why the Japanese were as foolish as they were.

## Build-Up for a Let-Down

DOROTHY KELAHAN

*Proficiency Examination, 1942-1943*

A FEW YEARS AGO, A SMALL TOWN IN CENTRAL Illinois was just beginning to work itself free from the clutch of post-war depression, as its people slowly but surely emerged from the darkness to make their way back to a better standard of living. It would take time perhaps to regain the necessities of life, but they were determined.

Today, as the world rocks in the throes of another war, that small town is a "boom town." Gone and forgotten are the days when men roamed the streets in search of enough work to earn a loaf of bread. Weary, discouraged, and repeatedly turned down, they were driven on by the cries of ragged and hungry children at home. Now all that is gone, pushed back into the darkness with other things man wishes to forget.

With the coming of war, long-idle factories opened their doors and beckoned. Thousands of working men answered that call, and thousands more, with their families, poured in from surrounding states. Houses began to spring up wherever there was room, as the town expanded. Several defense plants were built within the town's limits, and more men and women went to work. The lure of money even drew boys in high school away from their education. Now there is enough for everyone, with plenty left over.

That town today is a happy town, and I'm glad it's happy, because it's my home town. But the pessimist in me looks forward to the day when this war will be over and this little town will droop again. Of course I want this war to end. We all do. But my heart aches for this little town, for the day will come, as surely as the inevitable post-war depression will come, when those defense plants and factories will close their gates to shut out men in search of honest work, and houses will stand empty on the edge of town. Then, as before, her citizens will wonder at the futility of existence, as their children roam the streets in search of the food which their parents cannot provide.

# A Boxing Match

HORACE HARDY

*Rhetoric II, Theme 5, 1942-1943*

I CAN'T REALLY DESCRIBE THE WAY YOU FEEL WHEN the gong sounds and you look across the ring and see your opponent coming off the ropes and adjusting his rubber mouthpiece with his tongue. You wish you could lie down on the canvas and be sick in peace. You hunch your shoulders to limber them and start walking toward him, and quite suddenly you're no longer trembling, no longer cold, and everything your second whispered to you comes back clearly. You take a little shuffling step before dropping into your crouch, a sort of bravado; then you eye him cautiously from behind the protection of your gloves, and try to estimate your chances of hitting him before he hits you. You shuffle around him, always toward his left, and he shuffles too, advancing, retreating, but at ever the same distance from you. He lashes out at you, and you throw up your arm and deflect his blow. The impact is a release, and you poke at him, trying to catch him while his arm is out of position. Too late; he's been watching for that, has withdrawn his arm and cocked it in front of his body. But you have both attempted something; now, content to wait and counterattack, you resume your circling, warily.

He pokes at you, and this time your return strikes his cheek; he steps away from you, and you let him. You immediately realize that you should have followed him up, but it's too late for that now. Wait, and probably the chance will come again. He attempts to deceive you by weaving, but you crouch stolidly and watch his hands. Presently tiring of that, you strike at his head; he evades your blow and cuts into your ribs with a clean left hand that saps your wind. You try to get away from him; he is alert, and stabs you several times more, wicked blows around the heart. Your guard drops a little, and he seizes this opportunity to lambaste you on the jaw with a hard right. You immediately grab him around the body, and around the arms, too, if you can get them, and hang on, breathing in as much air as you can. The referee roughly catches your fingers and breaks your hold. Putting your arms up again, you pretend vast indifference to your opponent's best efforts, and possibly snarl at him. Ignoring your attitude, he squares off, dances slightly, and throws an enthusiastic punch at your head. You let the blow slip around your neck, and pound his ribs with both hands from your position in close to him. He grunts and slips away. You follow him, striking at him; he retreats. You try to trap him in a corner, but he is too clever to be done in as easily as that. The bell rings.

You go to your corner and sit down on the stool. Your handlers assure

you that he didn't hurt you and that you can lick him in this round. You say, "Sure, sure," and they slop water over your chest. They hand you a bottle; you take some water in your mouth, swish it around, and spit it out. One of the men is rubbing your legs. The bell rings again.

You walk out to the center of the ring and drop into your crouch. He comes at you a moment later, intent on a quick decision. Then, while you absorb a blow on your arm, you watch him. He telegraphs his rights rather badly, you notice; you resolve to try to hit him the next time you see him do it. You stick out your left hand, and he brushes it aside. He swings at you, a wild blow; you step in underneath his arm and smash your glove into his stomach. He grunts again, and you know that he's been hurt. Quickly, you drive your other glove up into his face. Baffled, he steps back; you follow, unleashing a hard right that lands solidly just below his heart. He pivots slightly; your left thuds against his ribs. Off balance, he goes down, more pushed over than knocked down. He gets up promptly, shaking his head. He stands quietly, his hands in front of him, waiting for you to start some action. You advance on him, your guard down, almost absent, as you openly invite him to try to hit you. Suddenly, he complies: his snake-like left bounces off your cheek. That he has been able to hit you at all seems unethical to you, in a way; you stagger backwards, trying to set your feet, but he pounces after you. His right hand comes whistling up and cracks against your jaw. You fall into the ropes, still on your feet; they give, then recover, throwing you at him. You put your impetus into a wild swing which he cannot totally avoid. Swaying, you now face him. You watch; his right hand quivers, cocks, and at that moment you stab him with a left that throws him off balance. Now comes your opportunity, the opportunity that you have made. You smash your gloves into his body, and his guard drops; you have a clear shot at his head, and you clip him alongside the ear with a left hook. He backs, throwing up his hands to protect his face. Your right glove sinks into his stomach. He doubles up, defense forgotten in the pain, and you strike his jaw with your Sunday punch, a thundering right cross. You feel him sink away from you—that feeling is power. He falls to the canvas, rolls over, gets to his knees, and waits for the count of seven before getting up. You are there instantly, hovering over him; you throw a vicious left that rocks him, follow with a stinging right, and let go your right cross again. He twists as he falls, thuds hollowly as he strikes the mat. He is going to stay down this time, you are quite sure. He writhes at first, but is very still by the time the referee finishes counting over him.

You walk back to your corner, feeling very smug; they put a robe around your shoulders. It clings stickily to you, and you try to take it off; but they won't let you. You go back to the other corner now, and see your opponent. He grins feebly at you and says something; you mutter stock

phrases. The referee has held up your hand, and you still feel great. And then—suddenly—you feel tired and nervous and cold again. Your handlers help you through the ropes and back to your dressing room. They help you onto a table, where some man works on your muscles with his hands, in an effort to relax you. Some people have come in, and you assure them that you never had any doubt about the outcome. After you have said it several times, you begin to believe it. Everyone is impressed by your prowess but your manager. "Yah!" he says. "You stink!" It is useless to argue, because he is right. "Someday you're gonna try grand-standing," he says, "and you're gonna get knocked out."

"Haven't seen the man yet who could do it," you grin. You're starting to feel better again.

## Problem Child

ANITA HESS

*Rhetoric I, Theme 7, 1942-1943*

CHILD PSYCHOLOGY IS A VERY INTERESTING SUBJECT. I don't like to brag, or seem to be anything but the most modest of people, but I'm sure that a person who is interested in children and the strange workings of their minds would have found in me the best and most complex of subjects. I know that every child does his share of mischief, and gets into some trouble, but I seemed to delight in playing "tricks" on people whom I disliked. They weren't cute, innocent pranks—they were mean, destructive. As I write of them, these detours from growing up seem funny, but they really weren't. In fact, I began taking so many of these little "detours" that Mother became panic-stricken. Then a neighbor told her about a doctor who was supposed to be "very good with problem children." At the mere thought of taking me to a doctor who specialized in "problem children," Mother became frightened; therefore, she and Daddy decided that they would take me to the doctor only as a last resort and that, in the meantime, they would try some of their own "psychology" on me.

I have read about criminals' having the "lust to kill"; it sounds horrible, but that's the way I felt one day. A very nice old lady who lived next door to us always had some very delicious sugar cookies which she used to give to me whenever I happened to be passing her door. Of course I always expected them; therefore, when, one day, she refused to give me any (just because I threw mud on her porch), I decided that I would poison her. The method I used was unique. I had some red, blue, and black crepe paper

hidden somewhere. I took this paper and stuffed it down her well. There, the dye in the paper would dissolve in the water, and when she drank it she would die. Fortunately, she noticed the peculiar color of the water. When it was found out that I had done this, my Daddy had to pay for having her well drained, and I carried little buckets of water over every day as my punishment. But being punished didn't work. The only thing I was sorry about was the fact that I had no more crepe paper.

Then there was the time I almost got arrested for burglary. (I would have been the youngest guest the jail ever had.) It was Friday evening, and one of my friends and I were sitting on the porch thinking how hungry we were. A thought came to my mind. The people next door were the owners of the grocery store on the corner. We would ask them to open the store and charge the food to my mother. They refused to do this little favor for us, so we decided on our own way. I took a brick, ran to the corner, broke the window which had the Ritz cracker display, took a box of crackers, and walked away. My conscience didn't bother me at all. The one thing that did bother me did not happen until the next morning, when Daddy found out what I had done. That was the only time in my life that I got a really A-1 spanking; but it did no good, either.

After the spanking, all was quiet for about a week, and my folks looked so relieved. Then, one quiet Sunday afternoon when everybody was home resting, I aroused the neighborhood with loud yells. My parents rushed outside to see me standing over the unconscious figure of Billy, a friend of mine, with a monkey wrench in my hand. The doctor was called; then came a half-hour interval in which I had hysterics. We found out that Billy was all right, and Daddy said that I seemed to realize the seriousness of what I had done, for hadn't I cried for half an hour? Therefore, he said that he thought I had been punished already. Instead of letting bygones be bygones, I immediately explained that I had not been crying because I was sorry, but because I was afraid that if I had killed him, I would be put in jail. That was the last straw. It was now the doctor's turn. Perhaps the scientific way would work.

Early the next morning Mother and I drove in to see the doctor, and if I could write my story as wholeheartedly as Mother told it, I would get an excellent grade on this theme. He told Mother that, being an only child, I was very spoiled, that I didn't have enough to do to keep me occupied. In a few months I was no longer the only child; also, I started going to school. The doctor was right, for nobody paid any attention to me if I was mean (they were much too occupied with the new baby); furthermore, I was so busy in school that I didn't have time for those things any longer. The doctor, even now, remembers me and says that I am his most successful case.

# Another Language

LORENA ROSS

*Rhetoric I, Theme 11, 1942-1943*

**I**IF YOU ARE A NOTHING-NEW-UNDER-THE-SUN THINKER, please read no further. This is written for the creative individual, hungry for untouched material in which to sink his teeth. Let such a rare person then consider the possibility of a true visual conception of music, not as the listener's idle sweeping fancy, but as a sensible expression in the media of color, abstract forms, and motion. Yes, a blanket statement of this sort certainly calls for an explanation. I shall attempt an explanation of this form of art interpretation by approaching it from its three component sides: first, motion; then, abstract forms; and finally, color.

Here is an opportunity to make use of one of the almost endless possibilities of motion pictures. No other form of interpretation has the advantage of constant movement parallel to that of the music. A single picture would represent only a snapshot of the most infinitesimal part of any one stage in the music's development. My suggestion is a particular type of film to be shown in synchronization with its music.

Under such an arrangement musical themes can be represented by forms. The sharpness, squareness, curve, and interweave of the musical pattern can be shown. A concise theme can be outlined, or a muddled, furry theme worked into the film. An artist can clearly show rhythmical patterns, and melodic lines can be shown against accompanying figures of harmony. In contrapuntal writings, voice patterns could be clearly followed throughout.

One can see the superiority, for this purpose, of abstract forms as opposed to familiar physical forms. Mainly for this reason, the suggested means of expression is not a "Fantasia" sort of entertainment using forms with which we have a daily association. Such familiar forms become unsatisfying since they immediately bring to mind a flood of past experiences, a response of previously traveled thought-trails. Therefore, only purely abstract forms can honestly express the music alone.

Nor is it quite fair to compare this type of music interpretation to a "color-organ," although such an idea more nearly approaches it than anything with which I am familiar. However, the "color-organ" does not use clearly outlined forms, nor does it attempt to picture the construction of the themes.

Pitch vibrations and timbre would constitute the color. Shrillness, thinness, dullness, brightness, weightiness of tone may be shown in color. Intensity of tone also may be shown by intensity of color. To a degree, the tone vibrations might be said to be in alignment with the color chart. Certainly, musicians speak of "white" or "dark" tones. The variety of this

timbre, or quality, as achieved by the use of different instruments might be shown in varying degrees of color.

How does one go about this? What skills are required on the part of the ambitious individual who attempts a work embodying so many fields of artistic endeavor? The use of motion pictures alone requires technical skill in production and synchronization. In order to evolve and present explanations or exact interpretations to others, one must be the owner of a keenly analytical mind. Certainly the knowledge which the artist possesses of color and design is essential. The musician's understanding of musical forms and constructions is also necessary. These last two excellent talents would, however, do little good unless united by one further quality. The musico-artist must possess that undefinable, yet practiced, ability of both artist and musician to compose with balance and coherence.

Attention must now be given to the musico-artist's limitations. The man who can completely outline a symphony will be as rare as the artist who consistently hits a high in each of his paintings. There are bound to be blind spots which only create a challenge; and it can be seen that the eternal striving would be for clarity. Secondly, even with the constant motion of this form of interpretation the observer is unable at any one time to see the composition as a whole.

Much may be said in defense of the existence of this idea as a highly logical form of art interpretation. It will be argued that to "tear the music apart" is to "spoil the effect." What nonsense! In order to prove that to understand is not to destroy the value of music, I see that I must first prove the absurdity of the "musical sensualist." It is he who attends symphony concerts armed with no knowledge whatsoever of musical forms. He wallows in the emotional sweep of the music; and his emotion is nothing more than the result of primitive reactions to rhythm and tone vibrations. Little intellect is required to experience such a sensuous response.

That a disciplined study of music can bring a more complete satisfaction in enjoyment is evident, since such a study is void of over-emotionalism and vagueness. However, this discipline requires courage and mental stamina, and should be carried further than the beginner's first smug satisfaction after having mastered the bare rudiments of sonata form.

The suggested moving interpretation is a method by which the need for a visual expression can be answered. As an example, it is often difficult for a student to "follow through" a voice in contrapuntal style. This would be remedied if he could see the voice. I do not mean to suggest, however, that such a graphic art be used merely as a teaching device.

The logic of such a form of interpretation must be stressed. Such an art is not to be dismissed as a purely imaginative one, but seen as a completely sensible idea. I venture to say that it is more sensible, in fact, than the writing down of notes, since all component parts may be represented.

Pitch, rhythm, intensity, timbre, consonances, dissonances, and form (that is, melody, harmony, and counterpoint) may be seen as well as heard.

Finally we are approached by the crowning question of doubt, "Yes, but what is it worth?" It is exactly as valuable as the artist's attempts to re-create a form or idea. It is just as worthy of recognition as are the author's efforts at putting thoughts into new word combinations. It is simply another language.

## My Pet Peeve

JAMES COLLINS

*Rhetoric II, Theme 6, 1942-1943*

UNFORTUNATELY, MY CHIEF INTEREST IN HUMAN beings is limited to one. However, I consider myself no more short-sighted than most people. I take pride in trying to understand others and in not forming opinions too quickly about those who completely baffle me. I fight, with moderate success, the natural instinct that makes me believe that what I do and think is right, and that those who differ from me are wrong. So, admitting that I am human and frail, I wish to present one of my few stern complaints concerning too many of the people in my own little world. I hate insincerity.

Insincerity: like a story from *Esquire* or *The Woman's Home Companion* . . . like a white man pretending jazz in a two-and-a-half-dollar night club . . . like a prostitute imitating a virgin for a fifteen-year-old fifty-cent petrified kid . . . like the pledges and oaths of a Boy Scout, or a fraternity man, or a politician.

Insincerity: found first in timid or disgusted adults who couldn't get over what a fine young man you were . . . found in frustrated old maids who said what a smart little fellow you were to be a first-grader, or a high-school freshman, sophomore, junior, senior . . . found in the whirl of the eighth-grade social circle.

Insincerity: first used when the fear of being different overcame you—when all your friends seemed to know something that you didn't know—when you began to know the same thing that nobody knew. Fear brought it and has kept it with you until you call it a social necessity under the name of tact, or until you don't remember what sincerity is, or until you try to break away from the falseness and try to look someone in the eye.

Insincerity: that makes you fear your father and your friends . . . that grows in your mind like a cancerous disease; a disease that you want to throw off but don't dare because your whole world is sick with it. And you can't find a new world. And you're afraid to make a new world.

# Chicago

ANNABELLE FONGER

*Rhetoric I, Theme 11, 1942-1943*

CHICAGO IS A TEEMING METROPOLIS, FILLED WITH noise and color. Towering skyscrapers loom into the sky; in the early morning sunlight they are pale, rose-tinted clusters of spires reflected in the gleaming blue waters of Lake Michigan, or at night alabaster monuments silhouetted against a blue-black sky. . . .

Life bursts with a great roar into the Loop, the business district of the city, which is encircled by a steel girdle. The elevated trains thunder above the crowds, street cars clang and screech, taxis and other vehicles work their way among the bustling, buzzing mobs. The river, like some huge snake, winds through the heart of it all, its waters alive with vessels carrying cargoes to and from the city. Trains roar in from the North, South, East, and West; more people pour into the City. A murky cloud shuts out the sky, settling on everything and everyone.

Chicago is an industrial dream. It is a chaos of steam, and smoke, and steel, and fire, and work, work, work. . . . The poor sweat out their life's blood in the roaring monsters called factories, and drag themselves home to some wretched hovel, bewildered, wondering if this is the Promised Land of which the poets sing. . . .

There are the "endless wooden miles of the poor West Side," miles of shanties and tenements, filth, squalor, disease, and poverty. On the South Side stretch the "stinking miles of stockyards," and the quarter million Negroes huddled in their tenements have forgotten the carefree days of old. . . .

Lake Shore Drive rushes through the Park; the palaces of the rich rise on one side; the lake shimmers on the other. Here is the fabulous "Gold Coast," that portion of the city where "society" dwells—the snooty old dowagers, the playboys, the debutantes, and other members of the "elect."

The suburbs lie on the city's outskirts. Even they feel the influence of the rush and bustle within. But at night, when the stars come out, and only a glow in the sky shows where the city lies, they settle down to the quiet hush of the country; here peace and silence reign, and people forget the cares and troubles of the day. . . .

Such is Chicago, a city with a history of miraculous growth, whose industry and labor have made her one of the most colorful and powerful cities in the world.

# Is Progress Painless?

JAMES BRECKENRIDGE

*Rhetoric I, Theme 11, 1942-1943*

ONE TUESDAY AFTERNOON, I SAT DOWN AND BEGAN to read a letter from my father. As I scanned the page, one sentence held my attention with its significant meaning: "The Pickens have bought a combine!" I sat back and began to reflect upon the implications of that statement. It was truly a milestone, for it marked the end of threshing in our community. The Pickens were the last to abandon the thresher in favor of the combine.

In my reveries, I recalled my childhood excitement as I watched the approach of the "threshing rig." It was a colorful procession! The big steam engine rumbled slowly up the road, puffing billows of black smoke dispersed by puffs of white steam. Behind this fifteen-ton giant was attached an even larger machine, the separator. A somewhat nervous team followed the thresher, drawing a tank-wagon which rattled and sloshed at every bump. How cool its damp sides appeared!

As the caravan approached, the engineer always blew the whistle a few times to entertain his youthful admirers. The engineer was a striking character. When he grinned at the youngsters, he drew his lips back, revealing brilliant white false teeth silhouetted against the dingy black of his coal-smudged face. We were always impressed by the quantities of soot and coal dust which could adhere to his face.

After this dramatic entry into the yard, the work began. An hour was required to "set" the separator, "line up" the belt, raise the blower, and adjust the grain elevator. Presently, the big flywheel began to turn, and the job of threshing was begun.

A typical day featured long hours of hard labor. A fire had to be started in the firebox of the steam engine at four A. M. in order to have sufficient steam pressure at seven o'clock, when work usually began. The separator-man began work at six, as there were grease cups to fill and belts to put on and tighten.

By seven o'clock, the entire crew had assembled. If little or no dew was present, the bundle-haulers went immediately to the fields to "load up." Occasionally, a heavy dew or light rain prevented work until seven-thirty or eight o'clock.

The work progressed rapidly in the cool morning air; but, by ten o'clock, the heat of the sun was unbearable; and the men began to consume large quantities of water. The men at the machine and the grain-scoopers made frequent trips to the well for water. The bundle-haulers drank quantities

of the cool, sparkling beverage before and after pitching off each load. Every half-hour a gallon-jug of water was sent out to the four pitchers in the field; every half-hour an empty jug was returned for more water.

At eleven-thirty, the bundle-haulers began to unhitch and put their teams away—it was dinner time. The men who were fortunate enough to quit early spent their time joking and playing pranks on one another until dinner was ready. Promptly at twelve o'clock, the machine was shut down, and the men began to wash up. Four or five basins, three or four bars of soap, two tubs of water, and a dozen towels were provided for this event. As soon as the men were reasonably clean, everyone filed in to dinner. The table was loaded with huge quantities of meat, potatoes, gravy, vegetables, coffee, bread, and at least three different desserts. In less than twenty minutes, eighteen bulging men cautiously straightened up and waddled to the door. A few of the men could lie on the lawn for ten minutes while the bundle-haulers with empty racks hitched up their horses, and the separator-man hurried out to turn down grease cups and squirt a little oil on vital bearings.

By twelve-thirty, the machinery was running again at full speed, and the men were looking forward to quitting time, which came for individuals sometime between five-thirty and six-fifteen P. M.

When I was yet a youngster, I began to perceive certain changes in agriculture which were destined to alter the entire plan of work even to the elimination of the old custom of threshing. The gasoline tractor came into general use, and with it came many time- and labor-saving machines. It became possible to operate farms most of the year with fewer horses and fewer men. As a result, it became increasingly difficult to find the necessary men and horses for this one big job. For several years, the farmers tried to operate the machine without a full crew. This, of course, resulted in excessively hard labor for the individual men and harvesting delays which were both exasperating and expensive to the farm owner.

In 1939, one man in the neighborhood tried a combine; in 1940, two more men tried combines. After that, conversation among the threshing crew centered around a discussion of "them durn combines." The older men were positive that combines would not work, and they made every effort to prove their hypothesis. They would enter a field where a combine was operating and scratch around under the straw, gloating whenever they found a stray kernel. They seemed to forget the grain that went through the thresher with the straw; they seemed to forget the quantities of grain that were lost through the multiple handling inherent in the binder-thresher method of harvesting. They were appalled by the frightful labor of picking up the straw, although this labor was trivial when compared with the immense labor of shocking grain.

In spite of all these objections to combines, the threshing ring disinte-

grated, and the combine gradually assumed the duties of the thresher. This movement is now completed, as my father's letter indicated. The old thresher will no longer be operated in the community.

While I am fully in accord with this new, progressive method of harvest, I have a few regrets as I bid adieu to a bygone era. There is a lump in my throat as I recall those sweating, swearing men who cursed vehemently at their intelligent horses while they worked. The smell of sweat, the intense heat of the day, the cool taste of fresh water, the pleasure of eating heartily, and the pranks and stories of the other men are now to a large measure lost to me. I miss the fellowship with my neighbors. With a combine it is unnecessary to work with the neighbors at all. I miss the feeling of satisfaction which follows a day of hard labor. I miss the feeling of sweat on my forehead, as it gathers on my eyebrows and trickles down to the end of my nose, where it drips off in large salty drops. In the evening, I miss the feeling of the cool refreshing air as it fans my brow and seems to whisper, "Well done, good and faithful servant."

## The Moon Is Down by John Steinbeck

LORENA ROSS

*Rhetoric I, Theme 8, 1942-1943*

SURPRISINGLY ENOUGH, WISTFULNESS AND NOSTALGIA are elements of *The Moon Is Down*. The book is permeated with a terrible loneliness. Steinbeck has very effectively shown the mental reactions which this loneliness has brought upon a group of (supposedly) German officers in command of an occupied village. He deals with their human weaknesses in a thoroughly sympathetic manner. An example of this is his observation that "A man can be a soldier for only so many hours a day and for only so many months in a year, and then he wants to be a man again, wants girls and drinks and music and laughter and ease, and when these are cut off, they become irresistibly desirable." Concerning a further effect of their dismal isolation from all warmth and kindness, he says, "Fear crept in on the men in their billets and it made them sad, and it crept into the patrols and it made them cruel."

While the actions of the officers as a whole may be cruel, as the result of fear and loneliness, certainly the lovely little phrases with which the

author ties up his sentimental scenes are hardly in accord with his previously avowed Naturalism in *The Grapes of Wrath* and *Of Mice and Men*. For instance, he gives us, "Captain Bentick was a family man, a lover of dogs and pink children and Christmas." Again he says, "They talked of things that they longed for—of meat and of hot soup and of the richness of butter, of the prettiness of girls and of their smiles and of their lips and their eyes." He describes scenes in the winter night, "A small peak-roofed house beside the iron shop was shaped like the others and it wore its snow cap like the others." There is a recurrence of such phrases with a certain fresh simplicity throughout the book.

The reader suddenly finds himself in sympathy with the lonely conquerors. However, he is not really torn between two sympathies, those for the conquered and the conqueror, since clearly enough their hurts are one and the same. They succeed in the common destruction of all hope of the placid life which each, under peaceful conditions, would have chosen for himself. Their needs, too, as far as the individuals are concerned, are identical—freedom to direct their own lives in a self-determined manner, to love whom they please, to satisfy their own simple desires. Throughout the book one cannot help but see the macabre absurdity of such a struggle as this one with which we are now concerned.

I frankly doubt the existence of the sentimentalists who make up Steinbeck's German Army of Occupation. While the author is undoubtedly attempting merely to make them human, he makes them soft, complacent, weak. Perhaps the older German is left steeped in retrospect, but year upon year of government training in fallacious theories is bound to produce a generation of young men thinking in the same politically desirable groove. If there is any measure of revolt among the German youth, if there are young Germans who think for themselves, if some few are able, either by a leap of the imagination or by a happy accident in discovery of the truth outside of Germany, to break the bounds of Nazi doctrine, their faint mutterings are stifled. Optimistic as the outlook may be, we have all reason to believe that any such understandings among the German youth of conditions beyond the confines of the New Order are immediately crushed. Therefore, while the book may tell the story that we want to hear, we cannot relax and depend upon any weakness in Axis fighting spirit or police work to win the war for us.

# Women, Ugh!

ROGER RUBIN

*Rhetoric II, Theme 6, 1942-1943*

WOMEN HAVE THE STUPEFYING GALL TO CONSIDER themselves equal to men. This disgusting situation is illustrated by the Great Trolley Car Farce of the 1930's. In former days, when men could regard women as being different from themselves, they were glad to rise in a crowded street-car to offer their seat to a lady. But soon women clamored for men's rights. They took over the polls; they took away the men's jobs; they began wearing pants; they ran for senator; they in every way subjugated their characteristics, both actively and passively, each in an effort to become the manliest little girl on her block. Men, in their characteristic and unselfish efforts to please, were willing to accept women in the latters' newly chosen status, even to permitting them to stand in a trolley car. But, as soon as the dashing young executive in the smart spring seersucker, with a briefcase in one hand and a cigarette in the other, swings lithely onto the trolley platform, the female is immediately transformed into a delicate, helpless, weak-kneed maiden in desperate need of a seat, but quick! Women nowadays not only want both to have their cake and to eat it, but they also insist upon employing a cook to make it.

Eve was divinely created to afford Adam entertainment and companionship, but that agreeable motive has somehow gotten lost in the historical scuffle. The modern housewife trots off at six o'clock sharp to make a speech for the Anti-Gutter Organization or some other vital unit, leaving her husband home to amuse himself with the riotous "Where the hell's that damn can-opener?" puzzle. Yet a woman still realizes that a man is a basic necessity; she feels that she must have someone to ignore.

The good old days were, after all, the best. The ideal life is that pictured on the murals in museums of ancient history and prehistoric life. The gallant man is pictured climbing over jagged rocks and braving narrow ledges in search of hawk's eggs for the evening meal, while the wife remains in the safety of their plateau, preparing meat, taking care of the children, tending the wounded, skinning animals, shaping urns, gathering logs, and waving a flaming torch to drive off a nearby pack of wolves. In present times the busy wife fusses with the thermostat, reads a list to the grocer, gives orders to the cook and maid, and takes the wolves right in her stride.

## Rhet as Writ

Mrs. Roosevelt tells what is going on in the world, but she lets her husband tell about his business.

• • • • •  
Anne Sheridan had a very important roll in *The Man Who Came to Dinner*.

• • • • •  
Among his many Negro novels, DuBose Heyward has written the *Star Spangled Virgin*. This also is a fiction book about Negro life. The story takes place off the coast of Charleston, South Carolina, where St. Croix of the Virgin Islands is located. The copyright is in the years nineteen hundred and thirty-seven and nineteen hundred and thirty-eight.

On these islands there is no such thing as marriage. That is, these Negroes do not believe in marriages. Children are born at will. Whenever a man wishes to have a child he just has one.

The story takes in principally two characters, Rhoda and Adam. Rhoda is the woman involved. Her physical features remind one of a cannibal. Fat lips, large head, stringy, black hair, and just large all around. She is well liked around the Virgin Islands, because she is so kind and willing to help everyone. Her husband, Adam, also is well liked by his people. I made a mistake here by saying Adam is her husband. That is not true. There are no marriages on these islands. But during the story he is so close to her anyone would mistake him as being her mate. You see, she bore many a child for him.

By some action or other, Rhoda and Adam part, friends. Almost throughout the whole book they are separated. Rhoda is well liked as I said before, but she has a stubborn mind of her own. That is one good characteristic of her. She doesn't seem to be able to bear a son for him, all girls. Crystal, Treasure, Hoover, and Patrick make up the family. All are girls. This has something to do with their separation.

Rhoda lives alone and takes care of her girls with the greatest of ease, although she is worried about Adam. Adam lives alone and does fine except for the fact that he cares for Rhoda so much.

Finally Adam goes out and gets himself a son. He wishes Rhoda to take care of him. At first she refuses. For a long time this goes on. Then the New Deal comes into effect. This somehow or other brings them together and she finally consents to take in Ramsay McDonald, the male child.

• • • • •  
That was not enough to satisfy me; only standing next to a horse or upon him would make me feel at ease.

As we munched on popcorn we cheered lustfully for our team.

• • • •

(Of Marie-Antoinette) Only a person with a strong sense of humor could have lived successfully with the dull-witted dolphin who was her husband.

• • • •

A professor is usually a perfectionist because he is so well-voiced in his particular field of knowledge.

• • • •

Often a maid was punished for the misplacement of a single curl. The mistress would beat and slap her and then call in an executor.

• • • •

He knows the Bible like a book.

• • • •

I now realize how important english is. Not because of its merits, but because it is the language that others know and is the only means of conveying ideas that cannot be shown on a drawing.

• • • •

He would walk like he was in a daze, always that look of memories and pain, he would forget his actions, many nights he would get a drink of water and leave the faucet running, and would not go near our grocery stores, which in the same year we lost them along with many other poor individuals.

• • • •

Men like "Whizzer" White are not born everyday but only once in a lifetime.

• • • •

After a hard day's work I would return home and there on the table would be a giant dish of corned-beef and cabbage, or maybe a plate of Hungarian Goulash, and of course my wife.

## Honorable Mention

Elizabeth Browning: *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*

James N. Cummins: *Electronen Übermikroskopie—A Basis for Army Service*

Lawrence Drone: *A Critical Outline of Berkeley's Metaphysics . . .*

Seymour Friedman: . . . *row on row . . . In Flanders Field . . .*

Fred K. Gillum: *What Hitler Has Done for Germany*

Rosaline Grebetz: *Shorty*

Horace F. Hardy: *I Fall with a Horse*

J. B. Hatch: *Steinmetz*

Gerry Hencky: *Conscientious Objectors*

A. Herzog: *My Rooming House and Its Occupants*

Alexander Kontfi: *A Master of Detail*

Mary Ann Pickrel: *Sleep*

Charles L. Scott: *Speed Graphic vs. Minicamera*

Mildred Shattuck: *I Am the American Student*

Fred L. Siegrist: *Men and Machines*

Herman A. Templin: *The Duodecimal System*

Albert Dale Towler: *The Development of the Holstein-Friesian Breed*

James Venerable: *Offensive Defense*

Herbert Weinberg: *The Boss*

